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## WHEN SHE WILL FORGET HIM.

"Forget him? If" the maiden said,
And fondly smiling shook her head.
"Forget the bouquets, bud and rose,
Of Mareschal Neils and Jacqueminots,
With which this most artistic youth
Has wooed me a whole month, forsooth?
These are not tokens I forget,
And deep within my heart are set.

"*Forget* him? All the dainty words
He's used, comparing me to birds?
And saying how the lilies sigh
As I, 'more graceful, pass them by'?
And how the tints upon my cheek
Pure thoughts within my heart bespeak?
'Tis true I've heard the same before,
But what we like will bear *encore*.

"Forget *him*? With the perfect tie
To his cravat? And clothes that lie
Without a wrinkle—*such* a form!
And eyeglass, that averts the storm
Of commonplace impertinence?
And eyes of languid eloquence?
And sweet mustache, that, drooping low,
Yet can not hide his red lips' bow?

"Ah! never, *never!*—till I see
A youth who owns more wealth than he."
—*Tid-Bits.*

## THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

### Some Account of the Mariners' Compass.

**The Dreadful Secret possessed by Friar Bacon—How the Knowledge was Subsequently Utilized and Ocean Navition Made Possible.**

"Do not speak to the man at the wheel" is printed on the wheelhouse of many sea-going steamers. Why must the man at the wheel not be spoken to? Because, during his two hours' turn, his attention ought to be fixed upon his compass. Let him turn to a passenger to answer a question, and the vessel will depart slightly from her course. Time will be lost, force will be wasted, and the steersman will hear a short, sharp word from the officer of the deck, calling him back to his duty.

The compass is the very eye of the ship. A skilful seaman, using the knowledge which the compass has already given him, could navigate a vessel across the Atlantic—in time. It is the compass that enables the captain to shoot his arrowy steamer over the trackless sea in less than a week, through fog, darkness and storm, without swerving from his course.

Man possesses few instruments more valuable than this, and yet no one knows who invented it. If we ask the Chinese, the people who invented so many useful things, they point to some obscure passages in their ancient books, which do not prove their claim. If the Chinese had the compass, why did they not use it? From time immemorial their lumbering junks hugged the shore, and rarely ventured further out to sea than to Japan, which is only a few miles from the coast of Asia.

If we ask the Greeks, we begin to get a little light on the subject, for the Greeks at least know something of the attractive power of the magnet. They tell us, in their mythological way, that a shepherd named Magnes, while pasturing his flock upon Mount Ida, found one day that the iron at the end of his staff adhered to the ground and to the nails upon his shoes. He picked up some of the dark-colored stones under his feet, brought them home with him, and thus gave to mankind a knowledge of the magnet, which was named after him. The Greeks were great story-tellers. They had their legend about every thing, and this about Magnes is one of them, from which we can at least learn that they were acquainted with the magnet's power of attraction; but they knew nothing of that valuable quality which it imparts to the needle of the compass. They knew no method of steering vessels in the open sea except by the stars, the flight of birds, and glimpses of the distant highlands.

Nor did the Romans. The Roman writers were lost in wonder at the magnet's attractive power, but there their knowledge of it ended. The elder Pliny speaks of it with the simple amusement of a child.

"What is there in existence," he asks, "more inert than a piece of rigid stone? And yet, behold! Nature has here endowed stone with both sense and hands. What is there more stubborn than hard iron? Nature has in this instance bestowed upon it both feet and intelligence. It allows itself, in fact, to be attracted by the magnet. The moment the metal comes near it it springs toward the magnet, and, as it clasps it, it is held fast in the magnet's embraces."

This was written about the year seventy of our era, and there is no proof that any one in the world had yet detected the marvelous power of the magnet to impart to a piece of iron the propensity to point to the north. The passage in the New Testament which describes the eventful voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul, speaks (Acts 28:13) of "fetching a compass," but the new version gives a better translation, "we *made a circuit*, and came to Rhegium." No Mediterranean pilot in the time of St. Paul steered his bark by the aid of the magnetic needle.

It was at some time near the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era that the mysterious power of the magnet upon the needle became known to a few of the learned men of Europe. Probably the knowledge of it was brought to them by the Crusaders returning from the Holy Land, and there is much reason to believe that this power of the magnet was first observed, by the Arabs, an ingenious race, and the most skillful travelers in the Middle Ages, whether on sand or sea. The Crusaders began to return home in numbers about A. D. 11000, and the knowledge of the magnetic needle gradually spread over the north of Europe. The bold Norwegians seem to have been the first to use the needle in navigating the sea.

In the year 1258 a learned Italian, named Brunetto Latini, who was afterwards tutor to the poet Dante, traveled in England and visited, at Oxford, Friar Roger Bacon, a man devoted to the pursuit of science. Latini wrote letters home to his friends, in one of which he says that Friar Bacon showed him, among other things, "a black, ugly stone called a magnet, which has the surprising property of drawing iron to it, and upon which, if a needle be rubbed and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn toward the Pole Star; so that, be the night ever so dark, neither moon nor star visible, yet shall the mariner be able, by the help of this needle, to steer his vessel aright."

Here we have the fact plainly stated, as it had been known to a few persons in England and France for many years. Friar Bacon imparted this knowledge to the Italian traveler as a dreadful secret, perilous to disclose to the common people, and still more perilous to make known to the ordinary priests of the age. Latini explains the reason, and in truth, Roger Bacon passed ten years of his life a prisoner, partly because he knew a little too much of the secrets of nature, and partly because he advocated the reform of the church.

"This discovery," continues Latini, "which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must remain concealed until other times; because no master-mariner dares to use it, lest he should fall under the suppositon of being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under his command, if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit."

These two learned men conversed upon this wondrous quality of the magnet, and they looked forward to some happier time, when men should be more enlightened, and not afraid to make researches in natural science. Then, said Latini, mankind will reap the benefit of the labors of such men as Friar Bacon, and bestow honor upon them "instead of obloquy and reproach."

Neither Bacon nor Latini lived to see that better time for which they hoped. When they had been dead one hundred and fifty years, the Portuguese, under Prince Henry, the Navigator, were using the compass in their voyages down the African coast. In a few years the Madeira and the other Atlantic groups were discovered by its assistance. The Cape of Good Hope was turned and India reached by sea. One of the mariners formed in the school of Prince Henry was a man destined to put the compass to the sublime use of discovering a new world.

Seamen did not long employ so awkward an instrument as a needle floating in a straw on a basin of water. About the year 1300 an Italian navigator named Flavio Gioja, there is good reason to believe, constructed the compass such as we now commonly have, a needle mounted upon a pivot and inclosed in a box.

The Italian word for compass is *bussola*, which signifies box; and from this the French word for compass is derived, *boussole*, which also means box.

These were admirable improvements, and made such an impression that the improver is frequently spoken of as the inventor of the compass. The true inventor was the unknown man—when did he live, and where did he live? no one can tell—who first observed that a needle, rubbed by the magnet, has an inclination to point to the north.

One curious fact remains to be mentioned. The modern compasses, those used in the naval services of Europe and America, as well as by the Atlantic steamships, resemble in principle the needle and floating straw mentioned by Roger Bacon.

Ritchie's "liquid compass" has the needle inclosed in a thin, round metal case, air tight, which floats upon liquid, and has also the support of a pivot. The needle, being thus upheld by the liquid, can be heavier, and thus have a more powerful directing force. This we may call a return to first principles.

So much for the history of the compass, which has doubled the area of civilization, and brought the two great continents within easy visiting distance of one another. A needle in a straw, afloat in a basin of water! A charm hanging at a lady's watch! A box with a card in it, suspended upon a pivot! What a little thing to be of such immeasurable value! — *James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

### A Canary's Four Notes.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last-named note that the American birds fail. They can not hold it. Another difference between the two is that the German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.—*N. Y. World.*

## LAMENT OF A HOLE.

**Useful in Many Ways, It Is Often Unappreciated and in Trouble.**

I am a hole. I'm a sociable, good-natured hole, and although I have been pretty nearly everywhere, I can't help feeling rather dazed at having sneaked into print. But I hope you won't think any the less of me for that. You will find a great many worse things in print than holes.

My importance in the world is greatly under-estimated. People never think of me until they need me to crawl into. And when I do offer my services I am repulsed with scorn. A man will dig two days to produce me when he wants a well in his garden, and yet when he finds me right in his pocket he is not satisfied, and gets rid of me as soon as possible.

I am a very modest hole, too. I always try to seclude myself from the public gaze. Last summer I hid in the surf at Atlantic City, but a big fat man, who was going to bathe, fell right into me, and instead of apologizing as a gentleman should, commenced to swear at me. I then squeezed myself very small and took refuge in the bottom of an ocean steamer, thinking I would be out of sight there, but I was found out and driven away by the ship's carpenter. We holes lead terrible lives.

All the great inventions of the world are largely indebted to holes for their utility. Cannons and rifles would be entirely useless if there were no holes to put the ammunition in, and even then would be harmless if they couldn't make holes in what was shot at. Yet nobody ever gives holes credit for our usefulness. On the contrary, whenever man gets into trouble he blames it on us and says he is "in a hole."

Although I look very innocent at the bottom of a flower-pot, I am exceedingly dangerous when I start out on my travels. I once stopped over night in a tin roof to study astronomy, but it rained very hard that evening, and a man asleep in the room underneath got wet. He jumped up in a rage and actually begun blaming me, as if I, and not the rain, had wet him! A plumber came next day, and the man chuckled and thought he was rid of me.

But he soon learned differently. I ran along under the bricks as he went to his office that morning, and the mud squirted all over him at every step he took. I then hid in one of his back teeth, and he nearly went wild. The dentists couldn't dislodge me, and the tooth had to come out. I took pity on him after that and let him alone.

Well, I have an engagement at the bank to-night, as some professional friends o mine want to get into a safe deposit vault, and they will need my services and a little gunpowder to accomplish their purpose. So I must bid you good-bye. But you will always find me during the summer at the small boy's corner of the ball ground fence.—*Tid Bits.*

## AFTER THE BOOM.

**A Dakota Real-Estate Agent's Way of Figuring Up His Profits.**

"The real-estate season must be about over," said a friend to a real-estate agent in a Dakota town which has enjoyed an unprecedented boom.

"Yes, things will be rather quiet now till next spring."

"Did you make much out of the boom?"

"Oh, yes, we did pretty well; though we were to considerable expense and had some heavy losses."

"What expenses do you refer to—office rent?"

"Yes, partly but then that isn't very heavy; this office only costs us two dollars a month. The biggest expense was paying our share for having the thirteen railroads surveyed into this place. That cost us about a hundred dollars."

"But they will be surveyed for next year so you won't have that expense then."

"Yes, but we're liable to have to put two or three men with teams and scrapers out on one of the roads in the spring—can't sell real-estate always on surveys alone. Then we had to pay a hundred dollars towards a description of the boom in the St. Paul and Minneapolis papers, and another hundred for livery bills, and fifty dollars towards paying the men we hired to drive around the streets and saw on the lines and act in an awful hurry every time any land buyers came to town."

"How about that street-car?"

"Yes, we had to chip in ten dollars toward that, and I expect that next year we'll have to lay some track and hire a man to drive the car back and forth—the Eastern capitalists will begin to get onto the scheme of having that car stand there in the mud."

"What were some of the losses you spoke of?"

"Well, a tramp who happened to be pretty well dressed said he was from Chicago, and only waiting for a remittance to buy heavily of our real estate. We believed him, guaranteed his board at the hotel for a week, and then he skipped."

"Was that all?"

"Oh, no. A man from Omaha beat me out of two hundred dollars at poker and then left without buying a lot. Then we cashed bogus checks and lent money to men from St. Louis to the extent of some three hundred. Then a ministerial-appearing chap from Milwaukee bought a block to build an orphan asylum on and managed to get the deed and skip without paying a cent Take it altogether, though, I don't know as we can complain—I guess we cleared about forty thousand for the season."—*Dakota Bell*

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are eighteen thousand female students in the colleges of this country.

—Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—*Michelet.*

—All Saints' Memorial Church, in New Midford, Conn., is to be lighted by electricity. It is said to be the first Episcopal church in the United States to be thus lighted.

—Rev. Russell Jennings, of Deep River, Mass., has given $4,000 as a permanent endowment to the Baptist Church in Lyme. The income of the fund is to be used toward paying the minister's salary.

—The directors of the University of Pennsylvania have raised a fund of $50,000 for the erection of a classical theater. The building is to be used not only for dramatic purposes, but as a place for holding commencements, classical concerts, lectures, etc.

—The colored sunset and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common unpoetic life.—*Frederick W. Faber.*

—Dr. G. P. Jenkins, of Southeast Indiana conference, has been elected president of Moore's Hill College, and has accepted the position. He is spoken of as a "scholarly, Christian gentleman, with recognized ability both in the school-room and pulpit." *N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—The announcement that the union of the Engineering College of Japan with the University of Tokio was to result in dispensing with the service of foreign instructors in the united institutions turns out to have been erroneous. Six Europeans have recently been appointed to professorships.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Before leaving for Europe this summer a prominent member of the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, paid his subscription (not yet due) to the church debt, his pew rent for the quarter, all his envelope contributions till his expected return, and left with one of the deacons five dollars for each of the communion offerings during his absence.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—The overwhelming sentiment of the teacher's convention set in the direction of Christian truth, and Christian methods, and Christian aims. Materialism, atheism, infidelity, agnosticism, are clearly at a discount in the estimation of a large number of our educators. It is one of the shining tokens of the time that there are so many in this great body of teachers whose influence is simply measureless, who feel that they can not get on without a personal faith in a personal God.—*Advance.*

—A cable dispatch announces the death, at Jaffna, Ceylon, of Susan Reed, wife of Rev. W. W. Howland, for forty-two years a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in that field. Mrs. Howland graduated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary in 1839, and was a teacher there until her marriage in 1845. She leaves six children. The death of the oldest son, Rev. W. S. Howland, and his wife, at Auburndale, Mass., recently, undoubtedly hastened her death.—*United Presbyterian.*

## NEW FANCY WORK.

**How to Crochet Pretty Silk Stockings and Comfortable Mitts.**

The newest kind of fancy work is the crocheting of silk stockings. They can be made in about one-half the time it would require to knit them, and, although not quite so durable, are more open and consequently cooler. A fine crochet hook and four spools of knitting silk are required.

Make a chain long enough to pass around the upper part of a stocking of the proper size and to lap over twenty stitches; join. First row: Make three chain, skip one on the first chain, catch down; make three chain, skip one, catch down, etc., to the end of the row. Second row: The chain begins in the center of the three on first row; it is not to be fastened in the stitch, but about it, so that it will slip; make three chain and catch about the center of the next three on the first row, and so on for a quarter of a yard, then skip one group of three, make five rows, skip another, then five more rows, and so on, until the ankle is reached.

The first row on the ankle should be made at the back to form the heel; crochet enough loops to go about the heel of the pattern stocking, then turn and go back and forth until long enough; double in two and crochet together at the bottom, thus forming a heel pocket. For the foot begin at the seam of the heel and crochet about, across the front of the ankle and down to the other side to join the start, and so on, narrowing gradually toward the toe.

These stockings are very elastic and should lack several inches of being as long as the usual size worn. They are very cool and comfortable.

Mitts made in the same stitch are also pretty. The start is made as far up on the arm as one wishes them to come and gradually tapered toward the wrist, then out again until the thumb is reached. Five or six loops are caught together to form the thumb, and four rows are crocheted on to this, and two more on the hand part. A little narrow scallop finishes top and bottom, and three rows of the same scallop are placed on the back.—*N. Y. Journal.*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John Ruskin publishes his own writings. His profits last year are said to have been $20,000.

—Mary L. Barr, the great Scottish dialect writer, did not begin to compose until she was fifty-four.

—The first Polish newspaper ever printed in America has been started in Buffalo. It is called the *Ojczyzna.*

—Verdi and his wife are building a splendid hospital at Busseto, which they will richly endow and give to the town.

—Mme. Popp, for fifty years editor of the Bruges *Journal*, has written no less than 18,000 articles, each containing from 3,000 to 4,000 words.

—Dr. Brinton is about to add to his valuable collection of early American works a volume entitled "Ancient Nahnatl Poetry." It will contain a number of songs in the Aztec or Nahuatl language, most of which were composed before the Spanish conquest. They will be accompanied by translations and notes.—*Public Opinion.*

—Mrs. Martha Washington, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Captain Patrick, in Denison, Tex., has in her possession a letter written by General George Washington to his brother. It bears date of July 28, 1772. Mrs. Washington is a direct descendant of the Washington family, being a grandniece of George Washington.—*Chicago Times.*

—The late General Logan's book, "The Great Conspiracy," is selling better than before his death, and Mrs. Logan is expected to make five thousand dollars profit from it. His other volume "The Volunteer Soldier," is now in the hands of the publishers, and is likely to prove popular. Mrs. Logan also is to have a share in the profits from the sale of a "Life of General Logan," by his private secretary. —*Congregationalist.*

—Garibaldi's bed-room in his little house at Caprera is left just as when he died; only his sword of 1860 hangs over it, while in what was once the dining-room are carefully preserved all the commemorative offerings brought or sent during the last five years—a very hecatomb of crowns and garlands, wreaths of fresh flowers, bronze shields, curiously carved medallions, portraits of fallen braves, and inscriptions innumerable.

—Miss Louise Chandler Moulton has lately visited Mr. Oscar Wilde in London. "The 'Apostle of the Beautiful' has," she says, "a pretty wife and a pretty house. I found his dainty, cream-colored dining-room especially attractive. I think it must be an original design, this white room, white walls, white chairs, white cabinets, a white shelf a foot wide running around the walls at a convenient height—not a trace of color anywhere, save in the rare glass and china and the flowers and fruit on the well-spread table. Oscar Wilde tells the best stories of any one I know, and the only fault I could find with some he told was that they were too good to be true."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## HUMOROUS.

—The bridegroom said: "Let her go, Gallagher," and a Boston clergyman married a couple in eighty seconds.—*Boston Globe.*

—Doctor (to serenaders) — "Come right in the office, and I will try and relieve your sufferings. No use standing there howling with pain."—*Puck.*

—There is a man in Indiana who takes thirty-two newspapers, and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side saddle as to attempt to impose on that man.

—Old Mrs. Robson—"John, I'm afraid of that electric light in front of the house." Old Mr. Robson—"There's no danger, Samanthy. The wire is insulted."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A conceited young painter said to a visitor: "I possess all the attributes of a great artist. I have brains, a clear eye, a steady hand, and—" "Unlimited cheek," added the visitor, interruptingly.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Early Citizen—"Horrible murder across the street during the night, wasn't it?" Police (who is supposed to be on duty all night)—"Don't know any thing about it; I haven't seen the morning papers yet."—*Life.*

—Has Come to Stay.—
The June-bug disappears in June,
The lightning-bug in May;
The bed-bug takes his bunnet off,
And says: "I've come to stay."
—*Logansport Chronicle*

—A Dakota paper thus stabs its hated rival: "A man living about twelve miles from here died from poisoning Monday afternoon. It seems he ate a lunch that had been wrapped in a copy of our loathed and disgusting contemporary, and it killed him. Others should take warning."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"We owe our sincere and heartfelt thanks," says a Territorial exchange, "to Mrs. Gardentruck for a nice mess of pie-plant pie left at this office. To a person in the editorial harness continually, as it were, rhubarb pie, with sugar on the top crust, comes like a benison in the desert."—*Dakota Bell.*

—Four Dakota editors licked by enraged subscribers during the last week! What a record to go out to the world! It's enough to make an old-timer feel like going off and dying. A few years ago it would have been four prominent citizens ready for funeral purposes and four editors going around acting more ornery than ever. Territorial journalism is going down hill so fast it looks like a long streak.—*Dakota Bell.*

## WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

### DUDLEY FOULKE'S SPEECH.

**Hon. William Dudley Foulke Makes a Ringing Speech in Favor of Woman Suffrage.**

Hon. William Dudley Foulke, at the recent New England Woman Suffrage Convention in Newport, R. I., said:

Only the day before yesterday I was talking with an eminent political economist who was opposed to granting suffrage to women. He said: "What do you propose to gain by it? Will politics become any cleaner?" I thought that they would become much cleaner, but that this was not the main reason for suffrage. "The reason that men desire to exercise it," I answered, "is that they may protect in their own way their own rights and interests. Suppose the question should be put to vote, whether a loan or a gift should be made by a township in aid of a new railroad—a woman possibly may be the owner of one-half the property in the township, yet she has no voice in determining whether she shall be taxed to build the road; she has no means of protecting her own, while every man, whether he have property or not, can vote to cast this burden upon her. Is that fair?" The gentleman admitted that it was not.

"In such a case," said he, "she ought undoubtedly to have the right to vote to protect her property; but that is an exceptional case." "No," I answered, "that case is not the exception, but the rule. No question can arise in legislation but one in which she has an interest similar in principle, if not degree. Take a woman who is without property, one who is rearing boys whom she endeavors to train as upright men. The question arises: Shall liquor be sold in the town? I do not intend to advocate the cause of prohibition when I say that she has an interest in the question quite distinct from that of the saloon-keeper, and one which is at least entitled to an equal voice. Or, perhaps, she is a widow with young and beautiful daughters, and her narrow means and struggle for a livelihood prevented her from exercising at all times that personal care which might preserve them from the enticements of a libertine. The question arises: At what period in a girl's life shall the law cease to interfere and declare that act to be innocent, which, if committed upon childhood, is a crime? Has she no special interest in this issue? Is her interest the same as that of the other sex, of whom a very perceptible part is composed of the men against whom more stringent legislation is invoked? Look over the whole field of government, and woman has her interest in every issue in just the same way that man has, though that interest is very often quite a different one. There is neither justice nor reason in the organic law which gives to him the political sovereignty which it denies to her."

And what a waste goes on so long as we avail ourselves of only one-half of the vital force of mankind, in the development of the mighty organism of this Republic! One-half of its wisdom, its virtue, its devotion, its enthusiasm, must lie helpless and inactive, and see the work wrought out by other hands. This is a crippled and deformed humanity. All we ask is that mankind and womankind shall be equally and completely free to grow and develop together into that fuller and more perfect stature which freedom only can enable us to attain.—*Woman's Journal.*

### Women—Insane Asylums.

The Indiana Insane Asylum at Indianapolis is reaping the benefit of having a man and his wife take charge of a ward as attendants. One ward was at first tried, now eight are so attended. In addition to this, the experiment of having a matron upon the back wards—or wards in which the most violent patients are kept—has been successfully tried. Four women are so employed at this time, with a very decided improvement in the comfort and cleanliness of the wards, and the conduct of the patients, who are more tidy in their personal habits; the more violent are better ruled by a woman's voice and persuasion than by any other influence. A female supervisor likewise attends to male wards, and administers all medicines, inspects bedding, clothing, etc.

There is also a school in the department for men, which is in charge of two lady teachers, which is highly successful. This was undertaken after a trial of a school in the department for women, which proved a decided benefit to the one hundred and seventy-five women who attended.

The board are asked to provide that females declared insane, who can not be brought to the hospital by their immediate relatives, shall be taken to and fro by a skilled female attendant of the hospital, and only the actual expense of such transfers be charged; this would be a saving of fifty per cent. on the present cost.

### An Aged Lady Student.

Among the queer people at Concord, this year, was an old lady of eighty-three, who had come quite a distance to enjoy the philosophy and to worship at the shrine of Emerson, of whom she had been for years a most ardent devotee.

The old lady's means were most limited, and to eke them out by saving her board, she had brought with her to Concord a spirit lamp, and, securing a small and inexpensive room, managed to make her own cup of tea, and with a little bread and butter and a great deal of philosophy she was perfectly happy.

At every lecture the old lady was present, the first to come and the last to leave, and in the noon hour she would take her simple luncheon with her, and wander about in the woods until the time for the next lecture arrived.

One afternoon she was missed from her accustomed seat, and as she did not appear in the evening, and it was known that she had strayed off as usual, fears were entertained that some mishap had befallen her, and a search party was organized and started out. After quite time, far back in the rear of Hawthorne's house, the old lady was found, prone upon the ground and senseless. She was brought down the hill on a litter, restoratives administered, and then it was found that she had become so weakened from insufficient food that she had succumbed to the heat, and would have probably died had she remained out that night, more particularly as she had eaten a toadstool as a relish, mistaking it for a mushroom.

Her principal sorrow, however, was that she had missed two lectures.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

## ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. FRANCES C. MIXTER edited "Our Home Corner" in the Athol *Chronicle* for more than five years. She is a contributor to *Good Housekeeping* and other journals.

MRS. GOFF, of Pleasant Valley, Wis., who was elected town treasurer, has just secured her office in spite of vigorous opposition on the part of the male office-holders of the town.

MRS. SALLIE JOY WHITE, of the Boston *Herald*, will read a paper on "Women in Journalism" at the third annual meeting of the National Press Association, to be held in September, in Denver, Col.,

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER has entered into arrangements with Mr. Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn, to furnish a series of articles for newspapers. They will be weekly, written especially for women.

MISS MINNIE PHELPS, of St. Catherines, Canada, took the honors of the oratory class in the College of Oratory, Philadelphia, and was chosen, because of her standing, to speak in the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Commencement night. She selected the temperance question for her theme, speaking before a fine audience, and was encored.

MRS. SARAH PETERS, wife of the British Consul at Philadelphia, in 1847, founded during her residence there a school of design for women, which has grown to be the largest institution of its kind in the country. The Philadelphia *Record* speaks with pride of the prospects of the school for the coming year. Mrs. Peters was an able advocate of equal rights for women. She felt the evils of the usual mode of dress to the extent that she assumed, for a time, the Bloomer costume, modified.

A DAUGHTER of Ogden Bradley, of New York, and niece of Bishop Neely, of Maine, has won a diploma from the famous Paris School of Medicine, passing a brilliant examination and receiving the maximum mark. Her thesis was "Iodism," and for an hour and a half she was shrewdly and ably questioned by four of the leading professors of the school, each of whom had been provided with a copy of the thesis. She wore the black gown and fichu prescribed for candidates.

MRS. POTTER, of Scranton, Pa., is evidently a woman not to be imposed upon. The Philadelphia *Record* relates that the other day she ordered a man to stop painting her fence. He refused, and she turned on him her garden hose and drenched him to the skin. Then another man came on the scene who told the first man to paint the fence, and directed the latter to go on with his work, and with a pistol pointed at Mrs. Potter, told her if she put the hose on again he would shoot her. The hose was put on them both, and they left suddenly.

### Working Women Organizing.

The movement to organize the working women of Boston, inaugurated by the Boston Woman Suffrage League, took shape on Thursday evening, August 18, in a public meeting at Wells Memorial Hall, under the auspices of the Central Labor Union.

This movement for working-women, if judiciously managed, may achieve important results. In Massachusetts there are more than two hundred thousand women who earn their support, by work outside of their own house, at less than one-half the average rate of wages paid to men. In Boston alone there are twenty thousand women employed in shops and stores at from two to four dollars per week. It is high time that these women should organize for mutual help and protection. "The gods help those who help themselves," and those "who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

The fundamental obstacle to fair pay for women is the fact of their disfranchisement. Growing out of this, the greatest practical difficulty is their want of special skill and technical training. Women are almost wholly excluded from instruction in trades and handicrafts by custom and prejudice. The man or woman who can do one thing well has a foothold from which to climb. Let the Central Labor Union, which demands for women equal pay for equal work, secure also for women equal opportunity to learn and practice diversified industries.—*Woman's Journal.*